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THE
FALL
OF
PORTUGAL;
OR,
THE ROYAL EXILES.
A TRAGEDY,
IN FIVE ACTS.

By Dr. N. P. ...

Nos patriæ fines et dulcia linquimus arva.—VIRGIL.

Forc'd from our happy realms, in tears we fly,
And seek repose beneath a distant sky.

London:

PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY G. HAYDEN, BRYDGES STREET, COVENT GARDEN;
AND PUBLISHED BY
LONGMAN, HURST, REES, AND ORME; AND BY J. WALKER,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1808.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS AND SIX-PENCE.

PAID

RECEIVED

THE RECEIPT BOOK

149.766

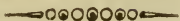
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DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.



PRINCE OF BRAZIL, *Regent of Portugal.*

ARCH-BISHOP OF LISBON.

ARCH-BISHOP OF BRAGA.

ALVAREZ, *a Courtier.*

EMANUEL, *Admiral of Portugal.*

ALONZO, *Commander in Chief of the Army.*

MONTFORD, *Ambassador of England.*

BELLEGARDE, *Ambassador of France.*

JUNOT, *General of the French Troops.*

GIRONDE, LARRON, and others, *French Conspirators, Instruments of BELLEGARDE.*

PRINCESS OF BRAZIL.

ELVIRA, *a young Lady, related to the House of Braganza, beloved by ALVAREZ.*

EMILIA, *a young Lady of Quality, her Friend.*

Royal Children, Guards, Attendants, Conspirators, &c.

SCENE—LISBON.

OMISSION.

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In their prosperity I boast my riches ;

add

They form the pedestal on which I stand ;

THE
Fall of Portugal;
OR,
THE ROYAL EXILES.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the Royal Palace.*

The PRINCE, EMANUEL, ALONZO.

Prince.

THIS day, my friends, is pregnant with event,
And consternation saddens every face:
A realm which rais'd its head among the nations,
Droops in despondence, and expects its fall—
The hour when Nature, in convulsion, hurl'd
Our lofty domes and temples to the dust,
Was fraught with less calamity—the crown
Now trembles on our head—the fierce NAPOLEON
Not satisfied with rapine burns for more;

Courts a new dynasty, and pants to raise
Some tool, some upstart fav'rite, to the throne.

Emanuel.

The madness of Ambition knows no bounds;
But, still aspiring, rears its daring front,
To meet the lightning, which the vengeful arm
Of Justice launches on the impious head:
Yet should the Tyrant rule uncurb'd, unblasted;
All is not lost, my Prince, heaven has in store
One consolation left to raise th' oppress'd;
Behold! a navy waits your royal call
To waft us safely to your western world;
Whose arms ev'n now extend to greet her Prince,
And give that liberty denied him here.

Prince.

Thank gracious heaven, that one resource remains;
And should imperious Fate our flight command
We must obey—our duty is submission—
Yet feels my heart an agonizing pang,
To leave such numerous subjects of tried worth;
Of firm fidelity towards our crown,
To all the horrors of a tyrant's rage:
Yet would my life, in sacrifice, preserve
My faithful people from impending bondage,
That life were theirs—but nought my stay avails,
Save to exalt the triumph of his power,
And add another victim to captivity.

Emanuel.

All is prepar'd, my **LIEGE**,—the British fleet
Awaits, to give safe conduct to our voyage.

Prince.

Enough—my family demands my presence:
Watch well, lest Treason, lurking in the dark,
Assassinate our purpose—Treason's wiles
Should be suspected from a subtle foe.—
How comes it that **ALVAREZ** keeps aloof,
And joins not in our councils?

Alonzo.

I beheld him,
Yet scarce an hour in converse with **BELLEGARDE**,

Prince.

With **BELLEGARDE**!
Keep on that Gallic tool an eagle's eye,
His insolence each moment rears its crest:
That Frenchman's bosom is a dungeon foul,
Breeding the toad's and serpent's venom'd fangs,
Which calls on Caution to repel his guile—
At noon we meet in conference again. [Exit.

Emanuel.

Too much ALVAREZ courts that haughty Gaul,
Who priding in his master's pomp of power,
In imitation, proves his arrogance.

Alonzo.

This has not 'scap'd th' observance of my eye:
Pray heaven that my suspicions may be false—
Perhaps unfounded—but a whisper steals
That to the fair ELVIRA he makes court;
Who meets his soaring wishes with a smile:
But much I doubt that in his Prince's favor,
ALVAREZ ranks so highly as of late:
His bold ambition sports too high a wing,
To claim that peerless damsel for his prize;
A beauteous scion from BRAGANZA'S root:
Such rash presumption must have given offence;
But, lo ALVAREZ' self.

Enter ALVAREZ.

Alvarez.

My noble friends;
I greatly fear that I have play'd the truant;
When did you last behold our gracious Prince?

Emanuel.

His Highness has just left us, marveling much,

That thou, ALVAREZ, should'st absent thyself,
From councils of such moment to the state.

Alvarez.

Affairs of no small weight have kept me hence,
For well ye know, th' importance of this day.

Alonzo.

A most eventful day! our country's fate
Hangs on a spider's web, that asks *no storm*
To tear it into shreds—

Alvarez.

Nor need we dread it—
The frightful cloud that hovers o'er our realm,
Is of Imagination's coinage, Fancy's sport,
That, wanton, conjures up terrific forms
To shake our courage—we disdain such fear;
Reason at once annihilates the phantom.

Emanuel.

What meanest thou?

Alvarez.

NAPOLEON is our friend;
No cloud of thunder, but a summer's sun,
To cheer our gloomy land of apprehension.

Emanuel.

Suspect thy confidence is on a base
That sinking will betray.

Alvarez.

Fear not my Lord;
NAPOLEON is a cedar which out spreads
His shelt'ring branches to protect the world;
Whose root in Earth's deep centre fix'd; whose head
Amid the stars: beneath his ample shade,
BRAGANZA'S House shall flourish long in peace.

Alonzo.

ALVAREZ, 'tis a tree, a poisonous tree,
Nurs'd by the victims of unbounded pride;
Nurs'd by the purple floods of precious life;
Nurs'd by the widow's and the orphan's tears.
Perish my country, perish all our race,
E're it shall thrive beneath such baleful shade.
How can thy tongue turn advocate for vice?
Methinks thine eloquence would gild his crimes,
And to a demon give a cherub's face.
To trust were folly, for NAPOLEON'S deeds,
All justify suspicion—ev'n CREDULITY
Would blush to listen to his promises.
ALVAREZ, give one solitary act,
Brighten'd by HONOR'S ray, and I will thank thee,
And cancel my opinion of NAPOLEON.

Alvarez.

Too hastily ye listen to reports:
 Too often SLANDER steals the voice of TRUTH:
 But grant NAPOLEON'S vices, grant his guilt;
 Where is the hand to save us from his gripe?
 Brave as thou art, to warlike deeds enur'd,
 Resistance were in vain; our trembling state,
 Crush'd by his arm, would sink to rise no more.
 He offers friendship—shadow'd by his wing,
 Lo PORTUGAL secure, and stands rever'd.

Alonzo.

The shadow of his wing! the shade of *death*!
 How many stars, with brilliancy that shone,
 Fair constellations in our hemisphere,
 Have disappear'd behind that baleful cloud!
 Where is BATAVIA, VENICE, GENOA?
 Known but by name, or only known his slaves;
 And yet he offer'd friendship to those states;
 Seduc'd by flattery; crush'd them with his kindness:
 More deadly is his friendship than his hate:
 The one, resisted, gives us only death;
 The other, chains; and what is worse—disgrace.

Alvarez.

If vain resistance prove, what other step?

Emanuel.

To shun the Tyrant's yoke.

Alvarez.

Romantic schemes!
States, DON EMANUEL, like mankind, grow old,
And is it now, bow'd down by weight of years,
For PORTUGAL to ramble on adventures,
And found new empires on a foreign shore?

Emanuel.

Nurs'd in the calm and sunshine of a court,
Ye give to pigmy dangers, giant forms;
While to th' experienc'd eye, the frightful voyage,
Is but a summer party, bent on pleasure;
And when your Fancy paints our distant lands,
Ye then reverse the telescope, and view
A mighty empire as a small domain.

Alvarez.

Enough my Lords—we differ on this head,
But one there is, in which our hearts unite;
To strain each nerve to serve our noble Prince:
Him must I seek or merit his reproof. [Exit.

Enter a MESSENGER, hastily.

Messenger.

My Lords,
Beyond the bounds prescrib'd the French advance,
And reach our city e'er the setting sun.

Alonzo.

There is no room, EMANUEL, for delay,
The die is cast—'tis liberty or chains.

Emanuel.

Say, is the PRINCE inform'd?

Messenger.

But now I left him;
And as in haste I pass'd the Palace gate,
Th' Ambassador of France demanded audience.—
His HIGHNESS sends his orders for your presence.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

ALVAREZ and BELLEGARDE meeting.

Bellegarde.

ALVAREZ, why that gloom upon thy brow?

Alvarez.

Thou read'st the inward working of my mind,
Ambition and Revenge strive there for mastery.
This morn I gain'd an audience of the Prince,
And for ELVIRA's hand I press'd my suit.
ALVAREZ' blood it seems must not presume
To mix with *royalty*.

Bellegarde.

I thought as much;
But let not that disturb thee; 'ere the morn
The haughty Regent kneels to *thee*, ALVAREZ.
Our troops are with rapidity advancing;
Pass a few hours, they enter at your gates.

Alvarez.

Knows this the Prince?

Bellegarde.

The Regent is inform'd
A messenger arriv'd—I follow'd him,
And enter'd as he left the royal presence:
Well knowing the advantage which attends
On first impressions.

Alvarez.

How was he affected?

Bellegarde.

His soul on fire, and resolutely bent
On emigration. Little did I think
His placid, lamb-like spirit could assume
The lion's port, and be at once the king.
He bade me instantly command their halt;
Or trusting to his own, and British friends,
Who sought his safety, he would straight embark.
I sooth'd him; said NAPOLEON was his friend,
Who wish'd to snatch him from th' insidious grasp
Of that proud ISLE—indignant, he replied
He was no school boy—could distinguish well
The colour of his friends—nor would endure
That other powers should subjugate his will;
And, fraught with insolence, divide his throne.

Alvarez.

Didst thou succeed in calming him, BELLEGARDE?

Bellegarde.

Soon as I felt his resolution firm,
 I chang'd my ground, and wore Submission's face;
 Nay more, to lull him into dead security,
 At once I penn'd dispatches in his presence,
 With peremptory orders for a halt:
 This soften'd him.

Alvarez.

Thou dost not *mean* a halt?

Bellegarde.

No, no ALVAREZ, think'st thou BELLEGARDE
 Has serv'd the wily Emperor so long
 Thus to be dup'd?—Another messenger
 Will be dispatch'd to bid them *force* their march,
 And instantly detach some troops of horse
 To hold the fort-lin'd Tagus in subjection—
 Thus caught, BRAGANZA'S SUN shall set 'ere night:
 But be it still our care it doth not rise
 With brighter glory in the western sphere:
 His fleet, prepar'd, beneath his treasure groans;
 All which is thine, if thou canst yet delay
 The purpos'd voyage. For thy counsel's sake
 I think he holds thee dear—he knows thee wise
 And leans with faith on thee; yet sternly spurns
 Thee as an abject slave, too mean to mix
 Thy blood with that which flows through *royal* veins.

Alvarez.

This stings—this rouses my advent'rous soul
 To gain revenge and empire at a grasp.
 'Tis true he asks my counsel, yet suspects;
 And tho' he deems me such a humble worm,
 Yet shall he feel that worm conceals a fang.

Bellegarde.

There spoke ALVAREZ' self, whose soaring mind
 Is form'd for empire—give Ambition wing;
 But, waste we not our time; each sand is precious:
 The Council meets at noon—persuade the Prince
 To trust the generous clemency of France;
 And may thy golden hopes of future greatness
 Give to thy tongue a splendid eloquence.
 The navy lost—irreparable the loss!
 Fain would NAPOLEON'S hand the trident grasp—
 Who holds it, holds the sceptre of the world;
 But wanting, feels himself scarce half a king.
 ALVAREZ, clothe thee in a deep disguise;
 Nor let them mark in thee the Emp'ror's friend—
 Close in thy heart conceal the future storm.

Alvarez.

Discard thy dread—ALVAREZ boldly dares
 The road, the dangerous road that leads to empire.
 The smile of Courtesey shall mask my cheek,
 While underneath, the mine, destruction fraught,

Sleeps unobserv'd—but much I fear the Prince
Will still adhere him to his firm resolve;
The promis'd aid of BRITAIN spurs him on.

Bellegarde.

Curse on that country—the malignant star
That sheds a pestilence where'er it shines,
And palsies every nerve of enterprise;
Ev'n now her navy, like a murky cloud,
Hangs threat'ning on the zenith of thy hopes;
Yet can it only thunder at a distance,
Nor reach us here—farewell—success attend thee.
The Council ended; let us meet again. [*Exit Alva.*]

Bellegarde.

Poor, dup'd ALVAREZ, go, thy hopes enjoy;
Blind to the quicksands which thy foot shall tread:
Fool! dost thou think the giant arm of France
Exerts itself to place *thee* on a throne,
And by thy side a Princess of the House
Of poor, devoted, weak, proscib'd BRAGANZA!—
Chains and a dungeon will become thee better.
The Crown, ALVAREZ, never will be thine:
Were vacant every throne the world displays,
NAPOLEON would find tenants for them all.
Thus Frenchmen rule by art as well as arms;
And use Ambition, just to edge their tools;
And deem them *lumber*, when the work is done.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Garden of the Royal Palace.*

ALVAREZ and ELVIRA.

Elvira.

ALVAREZ, in compliance with thy wishes,
I meet thee here, a proof of my affection,
If of affection further proof be wanting.

Alvarez.

I question not thy love, and yet this day
May put it to an unexpected test.

Elvira.

Explain—what means this unexpected test?

Alvarez.

Since our last interview I sought the PRINCE,
And urg'd my prayer—his sanction to our union;
Confess'd my humble claim to his alliance;
Reminding him of service to the state.
Surveying me with searching eye, he said,

“ Is this a time to dream of love and dalliance?
 “ This awful moment while the hand of Heaven
 “ Holds o’er our threaten’d heads the trembling
 “ balance,
 “ Charg’d with our country’s fate?—far different
 “ cares,
 “ Far different prospects should engage thy thought;
 “ Nor for a love-tale leave a falling realm.”
 No more he deign’d, retiring in disgust,
 In which I mark’d his secret pride of soul,
 Which said, in language not to be mistaken,
 I wish’d to purify my blood’s foul stream,
 By sully’g the fair fount of the BRAGANZAS.

Elvira.

Thou canst not feel more sharply than ELVIRA
 The PRINCE’S opposition to our marriage;
 But wait, amidst the turbulence of times,
 Till heaven in gracious mercy calms the storm:
 Then here, or in some region far remov’d,
 His heart may yield propitious to our wishes:
 Justly he told thee, ’twas no time for love.

Alvarez.

No time for love! inform me then the time;
 Th’ unfeeling REGENT, should he seek those climes,
 May find some loftier rival to my hopes:
 Then thinkest thou that I will follow him,
 To swell his train, and, disappointed, see

Thy beauty in th' embraces of another?
 No! no, ELVIRA, tho' thou know'st my love
 Stands not in competition ev'n with life;
 A scene like this, my soul could never brook;
 But if ELVIRA wishes for my death——

Elvira.

Talk not of death, but put me to the proof,
 And say, what wishes labour in thy heart?
 Know, if reluctant to the purpos'd voyage,
 Thou think'st thy prayer is destitute of hope,
 I now am ready to renounce my fortunes;
 To quit my friends, to sacrifice my all,
 And leave the splendors of a court for thee.

Alvarez.

Not so severe, and painful is the trial:
 Where'er we roam, the finger of CONTEMPT
 Will point not at us for our humble station.
 But, hast thou not ambition in thy soul?
 Sleeps in thy veins the blood of the BRAGANZAS,
 That thus thou canst forego the charms of empire?

Elvira.

What meanest thou ALVAREZ? well thou knowest me
 Of no aversion to the scene of courts:
 Yet these, ev'n these, would I desert for thee.

Alvarez.

Were mine a throne to offer to thy beauty,
How should I joy to see ELVIRA fill it!
That brow would well become a diadem;
And 'stead of *borrowing*, augment its radiance.

Elvira.

Disperse this mystery that thus clouds thy speech—
It seems to jest; and yet thy serious eye,
Bespeaks thy bosom pregnant with deep schemes.
Thy lips seem charg'd with matters of high moment.

Alvarez.

We live, ELVIRA, in eventful times:
With every moon our fortune's prone to change:
To day the Monarch's head sustains a crown;
That head to-morrow humbled in the dust:
And HE, but only yesterday a slave,
To day shall stretch his sceptre o'er a world.
Thou toldest me *my* fortunes should be *thine*,
That thou would'st join me in the lowest sphere:
Then surely thou would'st meet me on a *throne*.

Elvira.

A *throne!*—a *diadem!*—you trifle with me;
And mean to sport with my credulity!

Alvarez.

A jest would ill become those lips, **ELVIRA**,
 While thoughts momentous labour in my soul!
 Thou art the peerless gem for which I pant;
 And canst thou blame **ALVAREZ**, should he wish
 To see that jewel's lustre in a crown.

Elvira.

I scarcely dare conceive thy latent meaning!
 To grace my temples with a diadem!
 Resolve this riddle—banish all suspense!

Alvarez.

Know then thy friend **BRAGANZA**'s fate approaches!
 His boasted beam of royalty obscur'd,
 What is **BRAGANZA**, but in name a prince?
 A higher genius awes him and controls:
 Press'd by **NAPOLEON**'s power, he is no more
 Than were a wren within the eagle's gripe!
 With ease o'ercome!—he abdicates his throne!—
 It must be fill'd—what if **ALVAREZ** fill it?

Elvira.

Thou fill the throne of **PORTUGAL**!—thy words
 Are thunder in my ears—speak—art thou leagu'd
 With him, the enemy of all mankind,
 Whose boasted conquests are rank usurpations;
 Who rules the nations with an iron hand?

Soars thy ambition to a traitor's name?—
 Turn'd vile usurper, whose foul deeds of death
 The pen of History shall write in blood?
 Think'st thou ELVIRA will unite in crimes,
 And smile upon the grandeur of a theft?
 Thou knowest not ELVIRA—true, I'm proud;
 But never shall a *treason* taint this heart.
 Mistaken man!—beyond the tyrant's reach
 Prepar'd to fly, the PRINCE will shun his power.

Alvarez.

Vainly he hopes to 'scape impending fate,
 And deems the hosts of France in sluggishness;
 Undone beyond the powers of restoration;
 Wakes from his dream, and finds himself a vassal.

Elvira.

Ha! is it so?—then, duty be obey'd!
 In thee, my simple confidence repos'd!
 Deceiv'd, I fondly priz'd thee for thy *virtues*!
 All love is fled—it holds no competition
 'Twixt me, and firm allegiance to my Prince,
 For ever, more the parent than the sovereign:
 For all his friendship shall I thus requite him,
 And say to Gratitude, “ I know thee not?”

Alvarez.

Then, to the fatal scaffold yield my head,
 And with a calm indifference, see a heart

Torn from its seat, which only sighs for thee.
 Go, hasten to the Prince—enjoy thy triumph;
 Exulting pityless o'er fallen ALVAREZ;
 Report what thou hast heard, and seal his fate.

Elvira.

Thou knowest that I wish not for thy death;
 But thou hast forfeited on me all claim;
 Who deem'd thy heart unsullied as the snow;
 Not blacken'd by a crime that would disgrace
 The humblest and the meanest of mankind. [*Going.*

Alvarez.

Ha! I must now dissemble, play the hypocrite.
 Away with love, less precious than my life,
 In danger trembling on a woman's tongue. [*Aside.*
 ELVIRA, do not leave me thus in anger:
 If then esteem, disinterested love,
 Which would have plac'd thee in a loftier sphere,
 Too warm resentment of the Prince's scorn,
 Have led my feet to stray from Virtue's path,
 Is it for thee, for whom I dar'd to sin,
 Thus cruel, to upbraid me with the crime,
 (If call'd a crime that sought thy happiness?)
 Say rather, should'st thou not by gentle means
 Restore thy friend to duty and allegiance?
 For thou canst mould ALVAREZ at thy will.

Elvira.

Ought I to trust thee? can the heart deep stain'd—
Can the foul blot of Treason be wash'd out?
Ought I, on such a weak and slender thread,
Confide the Prince's safety, whilst the storm
Gathers around and howls for his destruction?

Enter EMILIA.

Emilia.

Your pardon for this sudden interruption:
The Princess anxiously expects your presence.

[*To Elvira.*

Elvira.

Forgive, ALVAREZ, my abrupt departure.

[*Exeunt Elvira et Emilia.*

Alvarez.

Curse on the fatal secret, that escap'd me!
Curse on my idiot tongue, that trusted woman!
My childish passion has struck out a spark,
Which kindles a volcano to destroy.
Why, heedless of my safety, slept my dagger—
It might have done its office—done it safely.
Too deep in treason am I to retreat;
A pebble must not now impede my steps,
When rocks I have to climb to my ambition.

Oh! where was thought that left me at the moment!
 Now, now my bosom with a tempest swells;
 When this small weapon had preserv'd a calm.

[*Looking at a dagger.*]

Yet may she not betray—for still she holds
 A portion of affection for my life.
 But wherefore waste I thought? If not betray'd,
 I bind the lordly lion in my toils,
 That soon to me must crouch for his existence.
 But let me seek BELLEGARDE, whose friendly hand
 Would clothe me with the purple, fix the crown,
 And set the frown of Fortune at defiance. [*Exit*]

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Palace.*

PRINCESS of BRAZIL and ELVIRA.

Princess.

The Prince's noble spirit will not brook
 To hold his sceptre at a tyrant's nod;
 And more disgraceful yet, to fill a throne
 Beset and over aw'd by Arrogance:
 Watch'd by the spies and minions of their master,
 Unsafe, existing on each hour's caprice.
 What is it, but to kneel a royal slave;
 A splendid triumph of a Slave's ambition?

Elvira.

I know the Prince's height of soul—sublime!—
 Would rather reign the Lord of some poor isle,
 An hungry soil scarce yielding life's support,
 Where LIBERTY resided, than command
 Luxuriant realms, and hear his subjects' groan.

Enter the PRINCE.

Prince,

[*Taking Elvira's hand and surveying her attentively.*]

ELVIRA, tell me, hast thou lately seen
 ALVAREZ—where?—and when?—and what dis-
 course?

This morn, he importun'd me for thy hand—
 Say, dost thou think him worthy thy regard?
 Art thou not much mistaken in his virtues?

Too oft beneath the smile of love and friendship,
 Too often lurks the demon of destruction.

Long had this man possess'd my confidence;
 Loaded with honors, that the nation envied:
 And yet I view'd him as a second self.

Friendships are sometimes hollow, and a canker
 Lurks in the bud, and blasts its opening bloom.

ELVIRA, has he not thy wishes still?

Elvira.

Let me confess, ALVAREZ won my love,
 But holds it now no more; 'tis lost for ever!
 Press me, my Prince, no further on this head;
 Spare my poor heart the sad, ungrateful office:
 Withdraw your confidence, for danger hangs,
 Hangs by a single hair upon your life.
 You walk towards the precipice of Fate.
 Watch well the wily minister of France;
 He may have *thrones* to offer.

Prince.

Ho! who waits? [Enter an Attendant.
 Haste and command ALONZO to our presence.
 ELVIRA, it requires no lynx's eye
 To see within that heart of thine, a war
 Between thy love and loyalty—enough,
 The fountain that I fancied pure is foul:
 The rock, I deem'd my confidence had trod,
 Trembles beneath its foot, and proves its grave.

[Enter Alonzo.

Then instantly prepare ye for the voyage.

[To the Princess and Elvira.

ALONZO, our suspicions are confirm'd:

[Exeunt Princess et Elvira.

ALVAREZ' heart is rotten to the core.
 Let spies attend upon his every step;
 Observe the wily winding of the Gaul,

The minister, the treacherous tool of France,
 Who covers chains and dungeons with a smile:
 See! how the Villain's poison shows its power!
 A thousand eyes are scarce enough to watch them.

Alonzo.

My Prince, that traitor walks not unobserv'd—
 But what new matter?

Prince.

Thou shalt be inform'd;
 The council claims our presence; haste, ALONZO,
 For life and freedom tremble on the moment.

[*Exeunt in haste.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in Bellegarde's House.*

BELLEGARDE, GIRRONDE, LARRON, and other
 CONSPIRATORS.

Bellegarde.

Well met my friends; the fate of PORTUGAL
 Is seal'd, if Fortune yet remains our own.
 The Regent, lull'd in dull security,
 Sleeps on a throne that totters to its fall.
 Deceiv'd, entrapp'd, he thinks our army halts;
 My orders urge them on with speedier step.

How vain and impotent the Regent's threats!
 The arm of France has paraliz'd his powers:
 Cunning, he shuffles, tricks, and runs his rounds
 In vain—our high-bred hounds are on his back.

Girronde.

How laughable to see him veering round
 With every blast; the weathercock of Fate;
 Unsteady, knowing not his friends from foes;
 A straw, a feather fluttering in the storm!

Bellegarde.

Beneath weak Folly's banner let him list;
 And trust his all to British sophistry.
 For what is BRITAIN but a brawling rill,
 That winds its feeble, shallow, muddy course,
 In opposition to the world of waves;
 Soon seiz'd, and swallow'd midst the mighty roar.

Girronde

Yet not *here* rest the labours of NAPOLEON:
 Our Gallic Hercules shall work new wonders!
 The Ottoman shall bow beneath his yoke,
 And lay the shining crescent at his feet:
 The haughty East do homage to his throne;
 The Western World submit to be his slave:
 The princes of the earth but meanly *crawl*;
 NAPOLEON mounts the chariot of the Sun.

What dares prescribe the limits of his power,
Presumptuous,—but the limits of the world?

Bellegarde.

But let us be economists of time:
Exertion now should ride upon the spur—
Each minute holds a kingdom on its wing.
Our business is to counteract event.
Spread then our emissaries through the city—
Confusion be the order of the day!
Harangue the mob, and rouse to insurrection;
That if our armies move too tardily,
They may be prompted to restrain the navy;
Surround the Palace, nor permit the Prince
To seek for safety in a sudden flight.
Dwell on the peerless virtues of our EMPEROR;
Nor spare th' unfailing argument of gold,
Which ye shall lack not—thunder in their ears,
The Prince has drain'd their country to the lees,
And bears their treasures to a foreign shore.
NAPOLÉON'S soul is fix'd upon this day:
To disappoint his wishes, what ensues?
Lo! Life and Death are vassals of his voice!

Larron.

Already have we urg'd those arguments;
Yet gain few converts, though enforc'd with gold.
They *love* their Prince, and say that he retires
To break his chains; prepare them an asylum,

To which a loyal people may resort,
And join his standard, from the Tyrant's grasp.

Bellegarde.

Curse on their virtues! what, will nothing move them?
Ha! do their feverish palates hanker still,
Towards BRAGANZA, that forbidden fruit;
That poison tempting, yet replete with death?
Then must we turn Physician to the State,
And let it blood—I warrant we can cool it.
But slight rebuffs must not destroy our purpose.
Still must you strive to stir their sluggish souls:
Nay, promise, if propitious to our wish,
The plunder of the treasure-loaded navy.
Try, will not avarice outweigh allegiance?

Larron.

We spare no labour for the grand design;
Yet all our efforts cannot boast success.

Bellegarde.

Enough—but see that those our power has gain'd,
Be duly station'd at their posts, and arm'd
With secret weapons. Let them be instructed;
And teach them not to shrink from desperate deeds.
We must not now turn cowards at a phantom.
The PRINCE, if he resist, must not be spar'd.
I would convey instructions to ALVAREZ
Ere meets the Council.

Girronde.

Then dispatch is needful.

Bellegarde.

Haste you with *this*, and give it to his hand.

[*Delivering a letter.*

[*Exit Girronde.*

Enter a MESSENGER.

Messenger.

My Lord, our armies now approach the gates;
 Each heart of animation full—despising rest—
 Despising sustenance—despising rocks,
 Hills, forests, mountains that with cloud capp'd heads
 Oppose their progress to the fane of glory.

Bellegarde.

Let trusty guides attend upon their entrance,
 And lead them onward to their various posts.
 Meanwhile let others busy sow sedition
 Amongst the Regent's troops, and bid them turn
 Upon their ships the cannon of St. Julian.
 Each to his station—grave it on your hearts,
 That when a Gallic hand commands the helm,
 The vessel braves the tumults of the deep,
 And mocks the howling genius of the storm.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Council Chamber.*

The PRINCE, ARCHBISHOP of LISBON, ARCHBISHOP of BRAGA, EMANUEL, ALONZO, ALVAREZ, and other OFFICERS of STATE.

Prince.

MY faithful counsellors, this awful day
Demands a high attention—every hour
Swells with importance, hastens to our fate.
Fled is the Dove of Peace, she finds in Europe
No resting place—then blindly should we trust
A tyrant's clemency, who through the earth
Sounds out the trump of discord and grim war,
And feasts upon the miseries of mankind?

Alvarez.

Let not a dread disturb your royal mind:
I see, and hail a glorious beam of light,
Which pierces through the darkness of the cloud,
And gives a promise of a brighter day

To great BRAGANZA'S House, which needs not seek
Precarious safety in a foreign clime.

Prince.

Whence spring thy sanguine hopes, and where our
safety?

The Tyrant's arm now reaches to our gates—
Are we to wait, and trust his clemency,
And prove the mercy which the helpless lamb
Meets from the famish'd wolf, when in his power?

Alvarez.

NAPOLÉON offers friendship to our realm ;
Holds out to PORTUGAL a guardian hand.
To him all Europe bows,—he only asks
For friendship in return, and vigorous aid,
To gain that peace, for which my Sovereign sighs.

Prince.

'Tis he alone who lifts his arm against us :
Yet he, with all his daring, views with fear
The giant power of BRITAIN—sacred spot!—
The fam'd asylum from despotic power ;
Where banish'd Kings and Princes find a home ;
Where reigns a sovereign in his people's hearts :
That happy Isle, where Freedom only dwells,
To rescue from a tyrant's rage the world.
Wishes he peace with ENGLAND? to what end?
To snatch the sword of Justice from her hand—
To slay and plunder with impunity.

Emanuel.

To trust his word, were surely worse than folly;
 Whose mad ambition has more heights to climb;
 To pinion Princes to his chariot wheels,
 And, like the drunken Macedonian boy,
 Sighs for more wörlds to slake his thirst of sway.

Alvarez.

Nay, grant all this, my Prince; yet, such his power
 Impetuous, ocean-like o'erwhelming earth,
 And sweeping with a whirlwind of destruction
 That vain it were, nay madness, to oppose
 When gentle methods might avert his wrath,
 And you, my Prince, may yet possess the throne.

Alonzo.

And still shall hold it, though ALVAREZ doubts;
 Still shall possess it, though NAPOLEON frown.
 Heavens! must we see the offspring of BRAGANZA
 In mean submission at the Tyrant's foot?
 The Western World is anxious to embrace us;
 Where bounteous nature every blessing yields;
 Secure from rapine—where the Usurper's rod
 Shall stretch no proud dominion; but where peace
 And happiness reside. It wounds me much
 To hear thee trumpet forth the Despot's praise;
 Decking thy idol out in gaudy plumage,

Thou hold'st him forth, our country's guardian
angel.

Archbishop of Lisbon.

Look at his versatility and judge!
Examine well his principles, and view,
Cameleon like, for ever on the change.
To day his arms embrace the greasy mob,
He roars out freedom and fraternity:
To morrow, in the hour of exultation,
Contemns his brothers of equality;
Assumes the purple; mounts th' imperial throne;
And sways beneath the diadem he spurn'd.
Is this the base, is this the steady rock,
On which Reliance dares to fix its foot?
Slave of events, a feather whirl'd about,
The sport of every whiffling wind that blows.

Alvarez. [To Alonzo.

I can forgive a soldier's honest warmth,
Whose ardent bosom pants alone for glory;
Who loves his country, but not calmly views
The various turns of fickle Fortune's wheel.
Warm for my country's welfare beats my heart,
As warm as thine; but, mind me, less impetuous.
I would not hurl her headlong to destruction;
But by a gentle yielding, save a part.
Ev'n let us grant NAPOLEON is ambitious;

Cannot Ambition then exist with Virtue?
 Or, does it follow that th' aspiring plant
 Must kill each flower that blooms beneath its shade?
 I guess he wants not Virtue with his greatness;
 Suspect not his sincerity untried.

Archbishop of Lisbon.

The trial made, too late repentance comes;
 The throne o'erturn'd, and PORTUGAL enslav'd;
 Our Prince in chains, our altars in the dust;
 Religion scoff'd, and banish'd from the land;
 What consolation will it then afford,
 To say, we trusted to a hollow friend?
 Did we not know him this, before we trusted?
 Have we not seen him mock his God, and King?
 To-day, a zealot in Religion's cause;
 To-morrow, trampling on the holy cross;
 One hour a Christian; one an Infidel!
 What can be augur'd from his impious rule?
 Confusion, strife, destruction of all order,
 That makes the world, a howling wilderness.
 What is the fame not built on Virtue's base?
 Tell me, what is the splendor of a deed,
 That flows not from true glory? not the sun's
 That gives to nature, vigour, warmth, and life;
 No!—but the skipping meteor's of a pool,
 Misleading the benighted travellers;
 A vapour from the sink of putrefaction.

Alvarez.

Yet, is it wise to fly suspected evils,
 And headlong rush on those which are too certain?
 Weighs well my Prince the dangers of a voyage,
 Distance, and changeful winds, and restless ocean?
 His noble spirit dares encounter perils;
 And, like the mountain oak, defy the storm:
 But can the softer sex, unshaken brave
 The warring elements? his lovely Princess,
 Our Queen rever'd—the beauteous infant train,
 The tender blossoms of parental love,
 Will sink beneath the conflict, or at best
 May, fading, droop beneath a scorching sun.
 But should hard fate compel us to withdraw,
 And quit those scenes so dear to every heart;
 Yet let us linger to the latest moment,
 And spare the pang of parting from our country.

Prince.

Know that the latest moment is arriv'd!
 The limed twigs are laid with subtle art;
 Let us avoid them whilst our wings are free.
 My Lords, the females of our royal House
 Disdain the common weakness of the sex—
 At dangers smile—the spirit of BRAGANZA
 Lives in their hearts, and dares whate'er is right;
 Those infant blossoms which excite thy dread
 Can only flourish where the soil is free. [To Alv.

Though for my babes I feel a father's kindness;
 I feel a patriot ardour in my soul,
 'That bids me rather weep upon their tombs,
 Where Freedom breathes, than see them live in pomp,
 'The mean appendage of tyrannic pride.

Alonzo.

Our duty wants not eloquence to teach us—
 Plain is the road; one choice is only ours,
 Which claims attention, and demands dispatch.
 Let us embrace the means which Heaven bestows.

Prince.

I would our means were ample to convey
 Our faithful people to a happier shore,
 And leave the Despot to a desert soil.
 Let us behold our loyal subjects blest,
 And loss of luxury yields no regret;
 To them, I owe my sceptre, nay, my all!
 In their prosperity I boast my riches;
 And when it crumbles from me, all is lost.
 If with the Princes of the earth I rank,
 'Tis from my people I derive my grandeur:
 Their Majesty alone gives birth to mine.

Archbishop of Braga.

Say, shall we crouch beneath the galling yoke;
 Lament our bondage, like the captive sons
 Of fall'n JUDEA, near EUPHRATES, swell'd

With tears, when ZION was the mournful theme?—
Your wisdom rightly judges; let us fly,
O PRINCE! and seek your western realms of peace;
There patient wait the gracious will of Heaven.
Ere long, I trust, our earth that mourns its fate,
May burst again in song. Methinks I see
The hand of Heaven stretch'd forth for our delivery,
To rid the world of the destroying spirit.
Prophetic, I behold his hour of fate;
I feel earth shake beneath the mighty fall
Of this Colossus that bestrides the world.
He, who rush'd forth, his breath a burning blast,
That scorch'd the fruits, and blossoms of the land;
He, whose unsated sword, with impious sweep,
Spread devastation; he, whose fiend-like voice
Howl'd 'midst the horrors of a ruin'd world,
And hurl'd defiance at th' Omnipotent,
Lies powerless; a mean piece of humble clay;
The scorn of every foot that deigns to tread it.
A remnant of thy people shall be sav'd;
More glorious to return; the iron bonds
Shall burst in sunder—desolation cease—
Our joyless city raise her drooping head,
And hymns of gladness fill her streets again.

Alonzo.

Long has the groaning earth been drench'd with
tears!
The voice of suffering Nature cries aloud;

Chides sleeping Justice for her tame delay;
And bids her with the sword of vengeance arm,
To cleave the Monster in his mad career.
Where is the field that looks not grim with death;
Or herb, that blushes not with bloody tears?
This NERO wishes not for *honest* fame:
He scorns the virtues that would check Ambition;
And all his altars rise to Desolation.

Emanuel.

Curse on the black Ambition which aspires
To rivet man in bondage; thief-like steal
The great palladium of our liberty;
Insulting, tread upon the neck of nations,
And bid the humbl'd vassals of his power
Live by his smile, or perish by his frown.

Archbishop of Lisbon.

Hope whispers, Heaven not long permits his crimes!
Rais'd from obscurity the gaudy bubble,
Inflated by the breath of fools and flatterers,
Mounts for a minute's space, and melts in air.
The voice that sings a requiem to his soul
Will falter in performance of its office;
The lonely wretch, who digs the hole to hide him,
Shrink from his spade and blush to yield him burial.

Emanuel.

Waste not the precious moments in debate;
Our ships impatient wait, and spread the sail,
To catch th' auspicious breeze, which Heaven has
breath'd;

As if to court us from the precipice,
The dangerous precipice that frowns beneath us.
Let fearful courtiers talk of boisterous seas;
Halcyons, that sport beneath a summer's sun;
Who, with a childish dread, pronounce all climes
Beset with dangers, which they ne'er explor'd.
The free-born spirit, fatal only deems,
That luckless region which engenders slavery.

[*Shout without.*

Prince.

What means that shout? [Enter a Messenger.

Messenger.

My LIEGE, Lord MONTFORD comes,
Ambassador from ENGLAND—round him throng
The raptur'd populace, whose voice proclaims him
The true, th' unshaken friend of PORTUGAL.

Prince.

Admit him—he arrives in happy hour.

[Enter Montford.

Montford.

O PRINCE! for ever, be the care of Heaven,

And may it pour its blessings on your head.
 Once more, my royal master offers peace:
 Extends to PORTUGAL his friendly arm.

Prince.

Thanks to the sovereign who supports our cause;
 Who casts a lustre on the realm he rules:
 Long have his virtues won our confidence.
 Much we lament the hard necessity
 That broke the bonds of union for awhile;
 Yet, though we seem'd thy foe, our hearts, unchang'd,
 Beheld thine Isle, the anchor of our hopes.

Montford.

Nor will that anchor fail—no summer friends,
 That only court beneath a smiling sky;
 But, when the tempest blows, we dare the surge,
 And fearless meet the fury of the storm.
 Dangers surround your state—the insidious foe,
 Ev'n at your gates, now clanks the threat'ning chain.
 See Ocean open to secure retreat;
 And, lo! the naval power of BRITAIN waits
 To bear ye to her bosom, from oppression,
 The fair asylum of th' unfortunate,
 Or yield safe conduct to your Indian realms.

Prince.

The generous zeal of ENGLAND warms our hearts;
 And, could we now forsake our distant realms,

That calm retreat would meet our utmost wish.
 All is prepar'd; and, ere the close of day,
 We bid our native shores a long farewell.

[*Noise without.*]

Enter BELLEGARDE in a rage.

Bellegarde.

Insidious Prince! I comprehend thee well:
 Thy navy's loosen'd sails betray thy purpose.

Prince.

What insolence! what means this daring speech?
 We sought not meanly to conceal our purpose:
 The sceptre yet is ours—we still can punish,
 If prudence curb not thy licentious tongue:
 We own no foreign Potentate's control.

Bellegarde.

PRINCE, thou wilt curse the hour, the thoughtless
 hour,
 When PORTUGAL with BRITAIN join'd in league.
 That proud, that boastful, that imperious Isle,
 Whose arrogance would lord it o'er the world,
 And subjugate the nations to her will.
 What are those Islanders that raise their crests
 Self-fancied elder brothers of the skies?

Montford.

Those haughty, and imperious Islanders,
 That force the frothy venom from thy tongue,
 (If pride be theirs) should glory in their pride,
 Which breaks the galling fetters forg'd by FRANCE
 To bind the arms of Freedom; to enslave
 The sad, devoted victims of her hate,
 Who vainly struggle for the rights of nature.

Bellegarde. [*To the Prince.*]

Your bias, Sir, towards your British *friends*,
 As you have deign'd to call them, is well known;
 And too well known, your rancour to NAPOLEON,
 Whose deeds of greatness and propitious star
 Create him Europe's Master, Europe's Lord.

Montford.

BELLEGARDE, thou wilt except one little Isle,
 That to the power of FRANCE, disdains to yield;
 And dreads no threaten'd vengeance of thy master.

Bellegarde.

That little Isle must fall; the arm of might,
 Which brought the Roman Eagle to the ground;
 Can strip the plumage from a humbler bird.
 FRANCE feels herself superior to defeat!

Montford.

Vain boaster—hast thou then so soon forgot
 The plains of EGYPT; where your glorying hosts,
 Pronounc'd Invincibles, in terror fled;
 The field resigning to a braver foe,
 Out-number'd too by thousands in the conflict?
 Were was the genius of *all-conquering* FRANCE,
 When suffering her Invincibles to fall,
 And add another triumph to our arms
 On MAIDA's plain? Has Memory lost its power,
 That thus thy speech of boastful arrogance,
 Transforms defeat to splendid victory?
 Are BRITAIN's naval sons so soon forgot,
 Whose deeds posterity will scarce believe,
 But deem the page of history mere romance?

Bellegarde.

KNOW, BRITON, know the genius of thine Isle,
 Shall lower at last her haughty crest to FRANCE,
 To injur'd FRANCE—her fate is on its way.

Montford.

ENGLAND has long defied thy country's rage,
 And foil'd its fierce attempts of subjugation.
 Send forth your armies, that with threat'ning eye
 Survey'd our kingdoms as an easy conquest.
 What are your menaces?—a public jest.
 Where your flotillas, fill'd with boastful bands?

Behold the universal smile of Scorn,
 Who marks them sunk or rotting on the beach.
 The MAJESTY of BRITAIN mocks thy menace,
 And conscious of her dignity and power
 Looks down contemptuous. Know those gallant men,
 The brave, who fought at AGINCOURT and CRESSY,
 Still fight the battles of our present wars:
 Still flames their patriot spirit in their sons.

Bellegarde.

MONTFORD, thy nation's jealousy smells rank
 Against the glory of the sons of Gaul.
 In arms, in science, and the arts of life;
 What are ye but the petty slaves of trade?

Montford.

Those petty slaves of trade are sons of Liberty.
 Each BRITON is a soldier—when his arm
 Is claim'd to vindicate his country's wrongs,
 Nor age nor youth refuse the post of danger.
 They shrink not from the charge when Freedom calls;
 Nor shrink they from the vengeance of NAPOLEON:
 That vengeance will recoil upon yourselves;
 Mad, like the roaring surge that strikes the brow
 Of some high promontory, vents its rage,
 And broken, falls repell'd in fruitless foam.
 Your pardon, PRINCE, but yonder vaunting Gaul
 Provokes my spirit to contemn his boasts.

Bellegarde.

Let me intreat the REGENT's confidence;
My royal Master promises protection.

Alonzo.

What, trust, my LIEGE, the clemency of FRANCE,
And place your safety in NAPOLEON's hands!
The cherub MERCY dwells not in *his* heart;
Witness the field of JAFFA, where the band,
A *captive* band, were slaughter'd in cold blood—
Where MURDER's self turn'd pale upon the deed.
Witness the sad companions of his toils,
His wounded brethren, who, in hospitals
Besought the balm, receiv'd the pois'nous draught.

Alvarez.

Trust me, my PRINCE, the tongue of Calumny
Would cast a shade upon NAPOLEON's virtues.

Alonzo.

ALVAREZ, cease, or I shall call thee traitor.
Praise of this man is incense to a fiend!
Thy speeches are apologies for vice;
Thy ready eloquence would varnish crimes,
And give the strength of steel to rotteness.
Suspicion with a cautious eye must watch thee.

Alvarez.

Thy words of air, ALONZO, wound me not,
Whilst safe I hold my Prince's confidence.

Bellegarde.

NAPOLEON scatters blessings on his way!

Montford.

If famine, tyranny, and wounds, and death;
The cries of orphans, and the widow's moans,
That sadden every wind that blows, be blessings,
NAPOLEON blesses with a bounteous hand.

Bellegarde.

Thou wear'st a sword—

Montford.

A sword of British temper,
Disdaining rest; when honour calls it forth.

Bellegarde.

Vain flourish!—

Montford.

Can a flourish then offend,
Which forms the essence of a Frenchman's soul?

Bellegarde.

The time may come, thou may'st repent this outrage;
A Frenchman bears not insult with impunity.

[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Montford.

Let the time come, and I will welcome it.

Prince.

Sirs, this is not the place for altercation;
Affairs of moment now demand our thoughts:
Fix'd is our great resolve; and nought remains,
Nought, but our instant mandate for departure.

Bellegarde.

Then tremble at the vengeance of our arms.

[*Exit.*

Enter a Messenger hastily, presenting a letter to the Prince, who, after the perusal, delivers it to Alonzo.

Prince.

ALVAREZ, we have weigh'd thy counsels well;
But search thy heart, and tell us, is thy faith
Built on experience of NAPOLEON'S virtues?
And holdest thou thy Sovereign's safety dear;
When thou would'st bid us trust his clemency?
ALVAREZ dumb! Where is that patriot flame

Which lately flush'd thy cheek? Why now so pale?
 What can produce such sudden change of colour?
 Perhaps thou knowest the hand that stain'd this
 paper.

Thy features stamp thy guilt—more proof is needless.

ALVAREZ, is it thus?—canst *thou* betray;

Thou, who from infancy hast read my heart;

And to thy Prince, were e'en a second self?

We ask not now disclosure from thy tongue;

Thy alter'd eye proclaims the damning tale.

Art thou the column of my confidence,

On which my friendship rested—nay, my throne!

My life too—nay, the life of PORTUGAL!

Astonishment so seizes on my sense,

I almost think thy treason is a dream.

Guards!* take him hence. My Lords, our time is
 precious.†

* *Enter guards, who lead off Alvarez.*

† *Exit Prince—the Council breaks up in haste.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Prison.*

ALVAREZ solus, sitting.

Alvarez.

How am I fall'n!—this morn, this very morn,
 I saw a crown descending on my head;
 The realm of PORTUGAL beneath my sway;
 The fair ELVIRA'S beauties in my arms:
 And now, behold a dungeon's dreary round
 Clouds all my hopes of greatness, and presents
 The grin of Death, instead of Fortune's smiles;
 The blood-stain'd wheel and hisses of the mob,
 Instead of joyful, loyal acclamation;
 The iron fetter for the golden sceptre;
 The scaffold for the throne: such is the fruit,
 The fatal fruit, of false and mad ambition.
 Oh! what a change!—but, shall these iron bonds
 Insult captivity?—shall the tongue of Scorn,
 Opprobrious, wound me in my way to death?

My sighs shall follow thee where'er thy way.
 I thought thy breast with patriot virtue burn'd,
 Too proud, too honest, to become a dupe
 Of one, whose varnish'd subtleties and crimes,
 Pretending to embrace the pedestals
 Of Virtue, Glory, Liberty, and Truth,
 Sapp'd their foundations and enjoy'd their fall.
 But let me cease reproach—my bosom bleeds
 Whilst thus I harrow thine—my once lov'd friend
 Adieu, adieu—we part to meet no more. [Going.

Alvarez.

ELVIRA, have I lost thee then for ever?
 Yield a few moments to thy parting friend:
 To thee, let me confess my guilt and weakness:
 A mad Ambition and too stern a Pride,
 Have been the dire seducers of my heart;
 These, these have led ALVAREZ' feet astray:—
 I thought ELVIRA might become a Queen.

Elvira.

Thou knowest then but little of ELVIRA—
 Perish the deed that bears ingratitude—
 Think of the virtues of our gracious Prince—
 Think of the countless favors of his hand,
 So often shower'd upon my scanty merits;
 Could such a friend be mine, and I behold
 That friend surrounded with a host of dangers,
 And stretch not forth a grateful hand to save him?

Alvarez.

Oh! had I sooner laid my heart before thee,
 I had not thus been dup'd by Gallic wiles;
 I had not been a traitor to my Prince;
 That Prince, which Treason now beholds with shame:
 I had not stood, as now, upon the brink
 Of dread eternity: weigh'd down with crimes,
 I shrink to take the dark advent'rous leap.
 Oh! I am sick, ELVIRA, sick at heart.

Elvira.

What hidden meaning lurks within thy words?
 Why tremblest thou? Why hang upon thy brow
 Those chilly drops, as though the dews of death?
 Whence is the cause? Oh! speak.

Alvarez.

Within the hour
 Thine eye will view ALVAREZ a pale corpse;
 Far from the aspic tongue of Calumny,
 Far from th' ambitious tumults of the world;
 What more severely wounds, far, far from thee.
 That phial can inform thee of a deed
 Which draws th' eternal veil 'twixt thee and me.

Elvira.

Help, help—who waits there. [Enter Attendants.]

Alvarez.

Stay, ELVIRA, stay;

Thy friend is now beyond the reach of art:

Waste not the precious moments which remain.

ELVIRA, plead my pardon with the PRINCE:

Say, thou beheld'st a penitent; yet say,

In kind extenuation of my crime,

That Treach'ry spread her wiles, her subtlest wiles,

To win me from allegiance, and prevail'd.

ELVIRA, tho' the victim, I forgive thee;

Yet, how can I accuse; the film remov'd,

Which Prejudice had on my eye diffus'd,

I see thee rise exalted o'er thy sex,

And, from the action, deem thee more sublime;

And now to lose thee—thus to part for ever

Is Nature's hardest trial: give thy hand—

This hand that bless'd me I shall press no more;

That form, which made me happy, view no more;

That voice, which charm'd me, I shall hear no more.

May every blessing, Heaven can grant, be thine.

And should'st thou to this hapless realm return,

And wander near to where ALVAREZ lies,

A little sigh—a little tear from thee

Will sooth my spirit, and embalm my tomb.

Thou GREAT OMNIPOTENT! look down, look down

With pity on the frailties of humanity:

Forgive me, that I rush into thy presence

Unbidden—cast, Oh! cast me not away:

But wherefore doubt thee? let me not despair;
 Unlimited, thy mercies like thy power,
 Surpass the boundaries of mortal thought.
 Receive thou then a poor, repentant spirit,
 Nor quench the spark of that ethereal flame
 Which flows from thee, and shows the Deity. [*Dies.*

Elvira faints, and falls into the arms of the Attendants, by whom she is led off.

SCENE II.—*The City of Lisbon.*

On the Side of the Stage the Portico of the Royal Palace, from whence proceed the PRINCE, PRINCESS, ROYAL CHILDREN; ELVIRA, EMILIA, ALONZO; Counsellors of State, Attendants, and Guards, on their way for Embarkation.—Near them appear numerous Inhabitants of Lisbon, who press forward towards the Royal Family: ALONZO beckons to the GUARDS to make them retire.

Prince.

Restrain not, good ALONZO, thus my people;
 They come with kind affection in their hearts—
 We dread no treason here—their tearful eyes
 Bespeak a loyalty, and grief unfeign'd:
 We want not guards amid our faithful subjects:

Let tyrants build their safety on the sword;
 We rest secure upon a firmer base,
 Our people's love—that love we hold more dear
 Than Empire's self, and all the pomp of power;
 The brightest jewel in the diadem.

Mourn not my friends, we part to meet again.
 We seek a distant realm, where PORTUGAL
 Shall, free from tempests, raise her head sublime,
 And form a sure asylum for us all.

My precious babes, whose unexperienc'd minds

[*To the Children.*]

Feel not the cares and sorrows of the world;
 Oh! may ye thus remain till happier times.
 Farewel my native country!—Oh! farewel!
 But let my soul indulge the pleasing hope;
 The hope, that after some short lapse of time,
 I shall revisit thee, and see thee smile,
 Freed from th' Oppressor's hand. Just Heaven may
 break,

Ere long, thy chains, and raise thy drooping head.
 Where'er my fate shall force me, thou, my country,
 Shalt live in every thought: on thee at morn,
 On thee at latest night, shall Mem'ry dwell
 In tender sympathy on thy distress.

Once more, my country, let me sigh "farewel!"

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Street near the City Gate.*

BELLEGARDE, GIRRONDE, LARRON, and CONSPIRATORS.

Bellegarde.

HA! sayest thou, GIRRONDE, the PRINCE embarks?

Girronde.

The spacious beach is hid beneath the croud
Of every rank that presses for departure.
Nobles and Priests, Plebeians, Soldiers mix;
An eager multitude to join his flight;
Whilst the griev'd populace, to mark their feelings,
Shower execration on the Tyrant's head,
Who forces into banishment their Princes;
Yet hail their broken chains with exultation.

Bellegarde.

Perdition seize the Briton's tongue that pour'd
Its damned poison in the Prince's ear!

But let me not despair—a ray of hope
 Remains—our armies almost touch the gates.
 This day, perchance, may view him in our bonds
 A humble slave, and yield my soul a triumph.
 Then, if that Briton 'scapes to tell his tale,
 The mournful hist'ry of his just defeat,

* Shade of immortal ROBESPIERE, whose cause

[*Flourishing his sword.*

This blade supported, may'st thou ne'er forgive me.
 Mercy avaunt!—if well I know myself,
 Revenge has never slept upon this arm.
 Enter thy scabbard, but prepare thy point,
 For deeds of mightier horror at my call.

Enter a MESSENGER.

Messenger.

My Lord, your friend ALVAREZ is no more;
 An intercepted letter for your hand
 Condemn'd him to a dungeon, where he drank
 The draught of death.

Bellegarde.

No matter, all is well—
 Nothing is lost—we want the fool no more—
 It takes off teasing importunity;
 Cancels the tedious debt of Gratitude:
 We hold a number of such worthy friends,

* *A singular oath in the mouth of an Ambassador of the Emperor Napoleon!*

And should be pleas'd to see our promises
 Fulfill'd by *such* a passage to the grave.
 Feeble the fibres of his resolution;
 A prop not to be trusted—a weak beam—
 The rot had caught it; and ELVIRA'S beauties
 Had sapp'd his firmness by her fascinations.
 But wherefore linger thus the troops of FRANCE,
 That should have borrow'd fleetness from the winds?
 Curse on their tardy feet; they only come
 To stand spectators of our hope's defeat.
 Each Gallic soldier with a throne in view
 Should be a Mercury—but, hark!—they come—
 Now swells my soul again with lofty hope!

[*Drums beating a march.*

*The advanced guard of the French army enter and
 pass over the Stage.*

Enter JUNOT the General of the French.

Bellegarde.

In lucky minute thou appear'st my friend—
 This *minute* may arrest their enterprize.

Enter another MESSENGER.

Messenger.

Hasten your troops, my Lords, or all is lost.
 Already is their navy on its way—
 A moment's interval may mar your hopes.

Junot.

Who guides our march?

Bellegarde.

Myself will lead the way—

BRAGANZA yet may be within my reach.

[*Exeunt in haste.*]

Troops continue for some time to pass over the Stage.

SCENE II.

Discovers a View of the TAGUS.

The PORTUGUESE Fleet under sail, beyond the several Forts; toward which, the FRENCH Troops are seen marching.—The shores crouded with spectators, those nearest the front of the Stage sing the following ODE.—The BRITISH Squadron appear in the distance, advancing to join the Navy of PORTUGAL.—At the conclusion of the ODE the two Fleets fire a Royal Salute.

ODE.



BEYOND the TYRANT's grasp of power,
Whose deeds the page of hist'ry stain;
Thy subjects hail the happy hour,
That frees thee from the galling chain.

Farewel for ever!—o'er the deep,
Thou wanderest with a NATION's sighs;
A NATION, that thy loss will weep,
And tell thy fate with streaming eyes.

Yet, why for thee our sorrows flow,
Who seekest FREEDOM through the waves;
Disdain'st in vassalage to bow,
And join the band of sceptred slaves.

O'er HIS, how nobly towers thy name,
Whose steps the fiend-like Furies lead;
Who courts from INFAMY a fame,
And *lives* upon the murder'd dead.

CHORUS.

Go, PRINCE, and may th' auspicious wind
Conduct thy virtues to that sphere,
Where dove-ey'd PEACE may calm thy mind,
That feels a storm of troubles here.

FINIS.

The first of these is the
 second is the third
 and the fourth is the fifth
 and the fifth is the sixth
 and the sixth is the seventh
 and the seventh is the eighth
 and the eighth is the ninth
 and the ninth is the tenth
 and the tenth is the eleventh
 and the eleventh is the twelfth
 and the twelfth is the thirteenth
 and the thirteenth is the fourteenth
 and the fourteenth is the fifteenth
 and the fifteenth is the sixteenth
 and the sixteenth is the seventeenth
 and the seventeenth is the eighteenth
 and the eighteenth is the nineteenth
 and the nineteenth is the twentieth
 and the twentieth is the twenty-first
 and the twenty-first is the twenty-second
 and the twenty-second is the twenty-third
 and the twenty-third is the twenty-fourth
 and the twenty-fourth is the twenty-fifth
 and the twenty-fifth is the twenty-sixth
 and the twenty-sixth is the twenty-seventh
 and the twenty-seventh is the twenty-eighth
 and the twenty-eighth is the twenty-ninth
 and the twenty-ninth is the thirtieth
 and the thirtieth is the thirty-first
 and the thirty-first is the thirty-second
 and the thirty-second is the thirty-third
 and the thirty-third is the thirty-fourth
 and the thirty-fourth is the thirty-fifth
 and the thirty-fifth is the thirty-sixth
 and the thirty-sixth is the thirty-seventh
 and the thirty-seventh is the thirty-eighth
 and the thirty-eighth is the thirty-ninth
 and the thirty-ninth is the fortieth
 and the fortieth is the forty-first
 and the forty-first is the forty-second
 and the forty-second is the forty-third
 and the forty-third is the forty-fourth
 and the forty-fourth is the forty-fifth
 and the forty-fifth is the forty-sixth
 and the forty-sixth is the forty-seventh
 and the forty-seventh is the forty-eighth
 and the forty-eighth is the forty-ninth
 and the forty-ninth is the fiftieth
 and the fiftieth is the fifty-first
 and the fifty-first is the fifty-second
 and the fifty-second is the fifty-third
 and the fifty-third is the fifty-fourth
 and the fifty-fourth is the fifty-fifth
 and the fifty-fifth is the fifty-sixth
 and the fifty-sixth is the fifty-seventh
 and the fifty-seventh is the fifty-eighth
 and the fifty-eighth is the fifty-ninth
 and the fifty-ninth is the sixtieth
 and the sixtieth is the sixty-first
 and the sixty-first is the sixty-second
 and the sixty-second is the sixty-third
 and the sixty-third is the sixty-fourth
 and the sixty-fourth is the sixty-fifth
 and the sixty-fifth is the sixty-sixth
 and the sixty-sixth is the sixty-seventh
 and the sixty-seventh is the sixty-eighth
 and the sixty-eighth is the sixty-ninth
 and the sixty-ninth is the seventieth
 and the seventieth is the seventy-first
 and the seventy-first is the seventy-second
 and the seventy-second is the seventy-third
 and the seventy-third is the seventy-fourth
 and the seventy-fourth is the seventy-fifth
 and the seventy-fifth is the seventy-sixth
 and the seventy-sixth is the seventy-seventh
 and the seventy-seventh is the seventy-eighth
 and the seventy-eighth is the seventy-ninth
 and the seventy-ninth is the eightieth
 and the eightieth is the eighty-first
 and the eighty-first is the eighty-second
 and the eighty-second is the eighty-third
 and the eighty-third is the eighty-fourth
 and the eighty-fourth is the eighty-fifth
 and the eighty-fifth is the eighty-sixth
 and the eighty-sixth is the eighty-seventh
 and the eighty-seventh is the eighty-eighth
 and the eighty-eighth is the eighty-ninth
 and the eighty-ninth is the ninetieth
 and the ninetieth is the ninety-first
 and the ninety-first is the ninety-second
 and the ninety-second is the ninety-third
 and the ninety-third is the ninety-fourth
 and the ninety-fourth is the ninety-fifth
 and the ninety-fifth is the ninety-sixth
 and the ninety-sixth is the ninety-seventh
 and the ninety-seventh is the ninety-eighth
 and the ninety-eighth is the ninety-ninth
 and the ninety-ninth is the hundredth

